

# WESTERN UNION.

VOLUME 1.

CITY OF HANNIBAL, MO., DECEMBER 26, 1850.

NUMBER 17.

## WESTERN UNION.

OFFICE ON BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

TERMS OF THE WESTERN UNION.  
One subscriber, one year, (in advance,) \$2.00  
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### SPEECH.

DELIVERED IN THE CITY OF HANNIBAL, MO.,  
On the Evening of December 12, 1850, by  
THOMAS CRIGHTON, Esq.

HANNIBAL, MO., Dec. 14, 1850.

DEAR SIR:  
We have been appointed a committee by the citizens of Hannibal, to request, for publication, a copy of your excellent Address delivered before them on Thursday last.

We take pleasure in adding the expression of our individual wishes, that you will comply with their request.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,  
J. HARVEY TRIPLETT,  
WM. P. HARRISON,  
WM. M. COOK.

THOMAS CRIGHTON, Esq.

HANNIBAL, MO., Dec. 16, 1850.

GENTLEMEN:  
I am at a loss to know how to express my warmest thanks both to yourselves and the Audience you represent, for so flattering and unequivocal a token of your approbation. A request made in terms so commanding on your part, could not well be refused on mine; I will therefore, at my very earliest convenience, prepare you a copy of the Address to which you so kindly allude, for publication.

Permit me, gentlemen, to assure you unequivocally of my most distinguished consideration,  
J. HARVEY TRIPLETT,  
WM. P. HARRISON,  
WM. M. COOK.

THOMAS CRIGHTON.

The Audience having assembled in the Baptist Church, and upon coming to order, elected the Rev. J. H. LORAY, Moderator. MR. CRIGHTON being introduced to the Meeting, arose and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:  
In presenting myself before you at this time, I would be doing violence to my own feelings, were I not to acknowledge in the profoundest terms of due consideration, my sincere thanks for the very distinguished honor conferred in the invitation so politely and kindly tendered. And I also desire to say that I could cheerfully respond to this call made upon me, were I not fearful that the remarks now about to be offered, and coming from an individual so obscure, and little known among you as myself, will prove neither instructive nor interesting. But it would be altogether superfluous, for me to stand here and explain to you my incapability of investigating the subjects to which I propose inviting your attention. This is a discovery which you will make soon enough; and therefore without premising further, we will now proceed to the matter in hand.

Next in importance to the all-absorbing topic of man's final destiny beyond the grave, comes the study of those laws and principles of society, which regulate human conduct in the present bourne of our existence. The patriarchs of antiquity, the sages of a later age, and the illustrious statesmen of our own times have all alike been closely and intensely engaged in the investigation of this prolific theme. The deepest and most profound researches of the most highly gifted and best disciplined intellects, that ever shone forth upon the world, have been handed down from time immemorial; and yet this exciting subject is still tossed upon the turbulent waters of public agitation. All the examples of those many governments that ever stained choicest portions of earth with crimes of blood, are now before us. The history of man's onward march, from his silent abode in the East to his last wanderings in the western wilds, is written with a pen of iron upon the adamantine pillars of our national greatness. The rise, and progress, and decline, and fall of the most powerful nations that ever awayed the sceptre of universal dominion over the erring race of man, point to us in warning tones of thrilling eloquence the political errors, that tumbled them from the elevated pinnacles of their splendor and renown, into the yawning gulf of their own destruction. The shores all along the mighty streams of time, are lined with the wrecks of empires, sad monuments, burning recollections of their former fate.

The moving strains of Homer & Euripides have immortalized their country in the green fields of memory; but the moss has for centuries grown upon the stone, upon which is recorded the mournful story of her own mortality. No son worthy of his sire thundered forth another "Philippe" against the demagogues of party faction; and the consequence is known to all. She fell; and human Freedom with "disheveled hair" and weeping eyes, turned her bleeding footsteps from the walks of Philosophy and groves of Science, to wander among the lonely vales, and climb the rugged steep of Germany. And the city of "seven hills," once the pride and wonder of the admiring world, where, where is she? Within her bosom she cherished a spirit that sunk its cruel fangs into her soul; they pierced her heart and the vital spark of the Vatican and Lateran midnight owl hoots out its mournful dirge. There, no attentive audience

hang on the tones of the orator powerful in his country's cause—There, no poet to charm the soul with the novel, the graceful, the wonderful, the sublime; but over all these majestic ruins of silent silence sits enthroned. Like her sister Greece, the great Empire of Europe was long ago buried in that wide and deep grave dug by the sins of her own corruption.

When we read of the unlimited power and boundless dominion of these mighty nations of antiquity, we are forcibly struck with the causes which accomplished their overthrow. Their polished orators and renowned philosophers bowed down to the shades and sages of earth; exalted from the vices and follies of this world to the thrones of supreme dominion in the celestial regions. The genius of Christianity had not yet shone into the darkened chambers of the human mind; and if a few exalted in science, they all failed in morals. The great mass of the people were entirely uneducated. Civil discord, the legitimate child of ignorance, soon sprung up out of such fertile soil, and its sad havoc has taught legislators a lesson to be remembered throughout all coming time.

After these two great events had been written in the history of our world, a still thicker cloud of mental darkness bound the brightened race of man yet deeper down beneath the power of its potent spell. For ten centuries this sable pall of moral night spread wide its arms over the fairest climes of earth during all which time only Thomas Aquinas and a few other kindred spirits rose like glimmering stars in the far distant horizon; but their scintillations were lost amidst the gloom. But the spirit that gives life and vitality to the marble and the canvass, still slept enshrined within the dilapidated temple of the human mind. The heavy clouds of the Middle Ages, like an army about to perish by its own weight, gradually retired in the distance; room was made for the ushering in of that NEW CREATION which must be allowed to call THE SECOND BIRTH OF MIND. It has now pleased the Ruler of the universe to shine into the dungeon's darkest cell, and striking off the chains of the captive, "let the prisoner go free."

God in his overruling Providence, now raised up Luther, and Melancthon, and Copernicus, and Locke, and Newton, and Bacon, and Boyle, to burst asunder the bonds of a false Philosophy, and prepare the understanding for a proper reception of the glorious harbinger of man's redemption.

Christianity dwelling away in the cloisters of ignorance, longed to escape from her gloomy cell, and wash her robes in the crystal streams of intelligence. Concomitant principles crushed by the dreadful weight of a thousand years of rigid despotism, began to revive and call in question that splendid chain, more significantly known as the "divine right" of kings. Enlightened inquiry arose from the dust of ages—men gazed in silent awe upon her moulded body and blooming limbs; but soon the rallying cry was heard, and many appeared before the great God of mankind, as her brave and patriotic defenders. Under the weak and tottering reign of Charles 1st, large numbers were made to the representative system. But the minions of royalty following close in the footsteps of their ancestors, determined to accomplish by force what they could not effect by argument. This sword, the only kind of logic tyranny was ever known to use, stepped in to decide the contest. But success crowned the banners of Republicanism, and England was declared a Commonwealth. A galaxy of great men shone in her councils—men who had periled their lives in her behalf, and who labored for freedom or died not only in England but throughout the world. But her foes were more numerous and powerful than her friends. The allied champions of ignorance and princely favor rallied around the standard of Oliver Cromwell, the traitor, and overthrew the brightest hopes, that had ever yet warmed the patriot's swelling bosom. This fair daughter of Liberty, when the pleasant gales of only sixteen summers has played around her forehead and decked with immortal hours won by distinguished martyrs, fell into the iron grasp of this perjured tyrant. She was incarcerated within the walls of a gloomy dungeon, and without a trial they found her guilty. Her head was laid upon the fatal block, and at a single stroke she was hurled into eternity.

Earth felt the wound,  
And nature sighing from her deep foundation,  
Gave signs of woe that all was lost.

The angels in heaven uttered turned away in grief from the mournful sight; but all the infernal imps of the world beneath revelled in victory. Her friends carried her lifeless body from the bloody scene, and having interred it in an honorable sepulchre, shed a monument of tears over her memory. From that hour till "time shall be no longer," these men will be venerated by every well-wisher of his race throughout the world. They bravely rushed into the battle-field between liberty and despotism. They indeed fell; but in that fall, they bequeathed the richest legacy ever left to posterity—a legacy that dipped its golden pen in Freedom's purified font, and recorded their names high up on the projecting cliffs of enduring time.

But why, sir did England spurn the cup of salvation when presented to her lips and "refuse to call upon the name of the Lord?" why did she stilling her bosom that engine of monarchical power, that would make earth a slave; that has already decorated the chamber of the Deity, and murdered the devout worshipper at the altar? Why did she not in her majesty and strength aid the men who were bursting asunder her servile chains, feeling her train all allegiance to kingly power, and pursuing that calculated to secure for her a career, brilliant as the one which now be looks with a bouquet of amaranthine flower, the fair bow of her American daughter? Sir, all these questions are in my answer; the answer is explainable on the ground that she was blind to her own interests. Her citizens preferred the heavy chains of bondage to the in-

vigilant air of liberty; with the former they were well acquainted, but concerning the latter they knew nothing. No, sir, they knew nothing of these natural rights of man, given to him by God as a title deed of his own existence; and which, on account of his own superiority in the whole visible creation around, cause him to feel in unison with the morally sublime and grand in every development of the Divinity that presides in the Universe. Having arrived at this advanced state of improvement, with his hands extended and his heart overflowing with gratitude, he views, admires, and adores his Creator; and he is then anxious to communicate this important lesson to his friend and neighbor; and they in their turn impart it to others, until the whole nation is prepared for the establishment of a government built upon the broad foundation of social order and the general welfare. But alas! the great body of the English people knew nothing of these inestimable blessings. They were lamentably ignorant of all the essential elements of useful knowledge. Despotism and ignorance are twin sisters; the former could not for a moment subsist, were it not supported by the broad fortifications of the latter; they always go hand in hand, and act the part of vicegerents from the shades beneath, for the express purpose of blinding poor erring man yet lower down beneath the power of their magic spell.

The most superficial observer of French affairs can unerringly trace out the causes, which produced the destructive effects, resulting from the revolution of 1792. And he can also discern the reason of her total failure in establishing any kind of a government based upon the representative system. He can see her armies conquering on a hundred battle-fields, and the traitor flag waving over the ancient capitals of Europe. He can also behold the same brave hands of gallant hearts, perishing by thousands in the frozen zones of an invaded country; and her own rivers crimsoned with the blood of her noblest sons slain in the mortal strife. To satisfy the egregious vanity of ONE MAN, she sacrificed men enough to conquer the world, and expended treasure enough to educate every child in Europe! And what was the state of her National Intelligence at the commencement of that revolution? Why, sir, it is true that some of her citizens excelled in Art and Science, but their number was small—very small; only ONE IN THIRTY OF HER WHOLE POPULATION COULD READ AND WRITE! In the few churches and school-houses that were scattered over the land, the rank weeds of negligence grew, and all that was venerable in antiquity, holy in religion, elevated in literature faded away before the horrid air of war.

We have thus far given you four splendid examples of the great failure in establishing Republican institutions—two of these happening in ancient and two in modern times. Others might be adduced, but these are considered sufficient for our purpose. They go far we think in proof a priori of the great proposition now before us, that no Republican government can exist, unless it be supported by the FOUNDATION STONE OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE! By National Intelligence I do not mean a few great men in one State, or a few in another; but I do mean a respectable amount of wholesome information disseminated throughout all classes of the community. That nation, I care not whether it be anarchical, monarchical, representative, or mixed in its legislative and judicial departments, must be governed by some power well acquainted with its primary and collateral wants. Unless this be the case, it will be as short-lived as the great empire of the Moguls and Tartars, whose founder Zingis Khan who although he invaded China, and Persia, and Transoxiana at the head of 700,000 men, yet neither could write nor read his own name.

Our system of government is purely of the representative kind; all power comes from and is again surrendered into the hands of the people. They are emphatically the brazen pillars, upon which is erected the fair fabric of our political institutions. They are the sole choosers of the men sent to represent them in the councils of the nation; and the success of those legislators depends upon the opinion formed of them by their own constituents. But the correctness or incorrectness of that opinion must at all times be subordinate to the capacity of those constituents to determine between right and wrong. Wealth can never purchase the suffrages of the educated man; the blood would mantle in his cheek at the first intimation of a proposal so base; and society could not bear the deep disgrace of the poor despicable wretch who could pander his dearest rights for gold, did not all mankind unite in bearing the blame. The durability, the future prosperity, and grandeur of our common country—all these depend upon that amount of information which is indeed truly the real property of the nation. As long as this estate is considered good for all debts contracted against it our country is safe; but when this fund fails our ship of State must swing from the harbor of safety, to be dashed into the whirlpool of destruction by that raging, howling, lashing storm of discord and faction, which is now sweeping like a wild tornado over the land.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA! How many ardent hopes; how many fond antici-

pations; how many glowing recollections; how many tender ties, all centre—all linger here. How many devoted prayers have been offered up from the exiled home of patriotism, that this glorious Confederacy may ever continue to be what she now is, the asylum of the persecuted and oppressed of all nations. Perhaps no event ever recorded in the annals of history proved more potent in its results than the American Revolution; and surely no period of time was better calculated to ensure its success. The oppressive exactions of aristocratical Europe had driven the most chivalric of her sons to this distant soil. They had mourned in filial sorrow over the graves of their fathers, but could see nothing but the same chains of bondage before themselves. To the land of their birth, the land of their suffering and shame they bade a long farewell; and on New England's rocky shore they unfurled the glorious banner of human Liberty. The widow's son born and raised in the woods of Virginia, stood forth the acknowledged leader of this Spartan band, that arose "with hearts of oak and nerves of steel" in defence of man's long forgotten rights. Illustrious men! renowned heroes! Disinterested patriots! yours exceeds all Greek, all Roman fame.

After a long and bloody struggle the day-spring at length appeared. Along the eastern horizon its golden beams began to shine. The brilliant lustre of that immortal spark kindled from the Atlantic shores on the east to the vast prairie stretching away towards the setting sun. Revolutionary intelligence combated with despotic darkness, and upon the defeat of latter human Freedom rose triumphant. The sacred memory of this eventful issue will live throughout the long and onward track of rolling ages, as a "pillar of fire" to guide the patriot's dying struggles in the heaven born cause of man's social and political regeneration.

From that great day of our birth down to the present time, our country has continued to mount up higher and higher in the scale of nations. The unparalleled increase of our population; the rapid strides of our commerce; the many useful inventions of the day; the cultivation of the higher branches of literature; the practical system of common school education, now in successful operation in many States of the Union, have all conspired to give to this trans-Atlantic Republic a preponderant influence in the affairs of men. Our national domain stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores and from the great chain of southern Lakes to the northern breezes of the southern gulf, presents a scenery so rich, so delightful, so variegated as to have astonished the most enthusiastic admirer of the other hemisphere. But, sir, if sectional comparisons are at all allowable, I do not know where the preference would lie in a land, all parts of which have voluntarily contributed their choicest exertions, in the erection of our national grandeur. But we are this evening in a temple dedicated to the Ruler of the Universe, in the city of Hannibal on the Western bank of the great Mississippi. A place that a few years ago was a lonely wilderness, where the loud echo of the savage yell, or the hollow murmuring of the wolfish howl, broke in upon that stillness which reigned the crowned empress of the day. Surely our recollections would be in juxtaposition with our subject, if we glance for a moment over this magnificent valley, which happily separates the discordant factions, that threaten to dissolve these social bonds of harmony and love, which, for three quarters of a century, have so closely bound us all together. Her wide prairie extending beyond the range of the visible eye, carpeted annually with the richest livery of heaven, and embellished with flowers of every hue, almost rival Eden's rosy bowers when creation's dawn first glimmered above the lifeless night of chaos. Here lawns and parks dressed in robes almost divine, are filled with the most delicious odors; while a thousand melodies responsive swell on every breeze, disciplining and preparing themselves for him willing to sit down and partake of these beautiful provisions spread out for all of nature's children. Here are to be traced in legible lines the very fingers of Deity; and here through this beautiful region smiling in peace and plenty, roll in silent grandeur and sublime majesty the deep swelling surges of the "Father of Waters." This is a country not renowned for crumbling ruins and classic soil, which awoke the pleasing dreams of memory, and charm the soul by the bright retrospect of things that were; but a land springing into the spring time of its own living blossom. A land over which my own eye, a few months ago, for the first time wandered, when my heart swelling with untold emotions, informed me here is my resting place and here is my home.—Here scenery gay and dazzling rivet the travelers attention on every side, while he feels ready to exclaim with the enthusiastic Addison as he trod the romantic and vine clad fields of sunny Italy—  
"Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
And the whole year in gay confusion lies."

The local position which we occupy towards the Central Government is peculiarly important and interesting. As a man between two extremes, an empire to reconcile discordant and contending factions—to cause the great one of human thought to flow back into the forsaken channels of reason and justice; it wisely becomes us to act with the greatest care and maturest deliberation. We all must know, we all must feel the dreadful responsibilities rest-

ing upon us. If the representatives of the Western States pursue that moderate but firm and decided course of policy, which will ultimately bring about a reaction of sentiment in the heterogeneous elements of fanaticism, then the whole crew of disorganizers will be themselves disorganized. But if on the contrary our influence be thrown into the scale of either wing, then—  
The patriot may look for some far distant home,  
To place his wandering feet upon.

Sir, it is not in the North nor South that our political existence is to be lost or won. But the time is now at hand when the West, the young and giant West will be called upon to decide the contest. Are we prepared to meet the issue? Are the fountains of our intelligence pure and abundant enough, to invigorate us with healthy activity in the holy cause of all our liberties both civil and religious? Have our State Legislatures made provisions for the youths of the land to be early indoctrinated into the practical elements of useful knowledge? Is there any efficacious plan of liberal instruction in our midst, carrying home its messages of peace to the fireside of the hardy pioneer struggling in the great battle of life?

The healthiness of our climate, the fertility of our soil, and the vast advantages of inland commerce which we enjoy, have attracted the attention of emigrants from all the older States of the Union. But this is not all; every host that ascends your noble streams, is swarmed with foreigners seeking a home under the blessings of our free Constitution. Out of such innumerable elements society here is composed; how important then is it that a respectable fund of practical information be placed within the reach of all. By no other means can our moral and social condition continue to improve. The tender vine of science united with Christianity, now planted in our midst must be cultivated with sedulous care until its refreshing shade will reach out over all. As American citizens, but more emphatically as citizens of the West, an important treasure is committed to our charge.—We are now called upon to patronize every enterprise, the tendency of which is to elevate the tone of our literature, and to direct society onward in the completion of those great objects of national policy; which will place this Republic on a basis that bigotry can never shake, that the stormy winds of demagoguism can never overturn.

But Mr. President, of all the other exciting times which have characterized this exciting age, the present is far more exciting. Man isolated from his species, with no kind friend to wipe away the falling tear, with no kindred spirit upon whose bosom his soul could find a pillow of tenderness, is an object of sublime and unfeeling mystery. But man in society and acted upon by innumerable sources of interest, which excite his passions and stir his sensibility, is a creature of another order. A volcano burst forth into lava, fire, and like a raging tornado, blind as the winds he is hurried onward to his fatal end by a power that he neither sees nor understands. Sir, the ambient element of material fire is not wilder than that incarnated spirit of madness and ignorance, which is now sweeping over various sections of our country. Demagoguism, foul mouthed boisterous, corrupting, ignorant demagoguism has put the "infernal machine" to work, spreading on all sides the seeds of death. Life sometimes forms itself into a kind of political whirlwind, upon which a certain class of men are ever ready to mount, and dash away at locomotive speed, in this voracious path. But in peace and tranquility, a whirlwind is out of the question; therefore, in order to raise the breeze, and attract public attention, it is always identified with some guardian angel, fresh from the skies, sent to bless the world. Marins, and Sylla, and Robespierre, and Danton, were all friends of the people—all sworn to die, if necessary, on the altar of their country. "Oh Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Agitation! AGITATION! AGITATION! is the hell born yell raised by a set of men too poor at home to maintain the expense of their own splendid conceptions and personal greatness. And then each leader, at the head of his chosen company of dragons, and well drilled platoons of expert footmen, rushes in the same war hoop shout, "we will agitate," "we will agitate," "we will agitate," until this circumscribed malaria of blind enthusiasm and fanatic madness, dashes to pieces everything found in its headlong course. How dreadful is that fiery ordeal through which our country is now passing. How happy will it be for us, if the intelligence of the Republic succeed in supporting it up against the machinations of disappointed ambition and political intrigue. Sir, organized bodies of men, both north and South are passing resolutions the avowed object of which is "secession"; they can mean nothing else—they are intended for nothing else. Oh! Massachusetts! Oh! South Carolina! if the mighty waves had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in dust and ashes.—They would have heard the dying groan of the illustrious dead, as they fell upon your battle fields struggling for the precious rights which you enjoy. But alas! Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson, and Harrison are dead. On the banks of the Potomac, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, they rest in peace.

Even here beneath these proud mountain streams, might ages still pursue the first true theory. Hence might they say shall powers divided reign. Hence might patriots have not bled in vain. Hence guide liberty's herculean youth, Castled in peace, and nurtured up in truth, To fall matured of name and mind. Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind. Around the columns of the public shrine Shall growing arts their gradual wreaths entwine, Nor breathe corruption from the flowing bridle, Nor mix the fabric which they bloom to shade.

It is true that these immortal men are forever gone from the commotions, storms, and conflicts of earth; they do not know that in 1850 the dreadful cry of "secession" of "secession" has been uttered in the Congressional halls of these United States! But the patriot may not yet despair; the haughty lordling of Europe may rejoice too soon in this fearful time of affliction. Some brave men yet stand at the head of affairs. Clay and Cass, and Webster, and Dickinson, and Foote, and many more still live and

long may they do so, until the enemies of our Constitution, our liberties, and laws, shall be forever covered with confusion and shame. Illustrious men! party lines and political differences were by you alike forgotten; and all other minor considerations absorbed in the great love for National Union! Your country was in danger, not from foes without, but from enemies within, and you proved worthy of the issue.—Nobly did you assert your rights as American Senators; eloquently did you sustain measures that would ensure justice to all; triumphantly did you vindicate the untarnished honor of our country, as she now shines forth the bright star of the morning; fortunately did you reduce in her proud pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. For great and patriotic deeds like these—for the exercise of that genuine, moral courage that animates the immortal soul with divinity, and illuminates the path of rectitude, posterity will erect for you a monument more durable than brass or marble, and whose topmost peak will be ever visible above the horizon of time.

But the demagogue, the ignorant, intriguing, designing demagogue, who has employed his flippant tongue and shallow brain in stirring up strife and contention between the different sections of the country; what shall I say of him?—What place will he be assigned by the philanthropist of future times, if he should be called upon to read the sad story of our untimely end? Let him be deemed a perjured villain. Let the overwhelming decree of all mankind denounce him a traitor! a traitor to himself; a traitor to his country, a traitor to his race, and what is more and worst of all, a traitor to his God. Sir, if there ever was a fit subject for eternal punishment in the future world, (and I entertain no doubts on that point) surely he is the "fittest of all others the most fit." And if in a moment of forgetfulness he should look into the blackness of his own heart, the self-condemning words of Macbeth must be on his lips—  
"O, hell with all its powers to damn,  
Add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

Where would you put him? Not in heaven above—not in hell beneath; but devils damned and spirits cursed would drag him out upon the volcanic and scorching shores of the latter place, when the glowing worm gorging in the filth of human corruption, would spit out its venomous malice upon his loathing and disgusting carcass.

Sir, our political horizon is now darkened with ominous and foreboding clouds. We have been threatened with the pangs of dissolution; but in this hour of the nation's travail, there is one source of congratulation sufficient to cheer the most desponding. That crystal rock, that diamond stone of our National Intelligence, to which is anchored our ship of state, freighted with the hopes of the whole Anglo-American race, still remains unshaken. The Congressional Meetings of the present year will long be recollected as a memorable epoch in the interesting pages of our future history. These were expressions of public opinion upon great and important questions of state policy; and which were supported by our ablest statesmen;—and these expressions sprung directly from the intelligence of the people.

A few years ago the members of the Ohio Legislature were petitioned by many of those recruiting sergeants, who were then arranging their men rank and file, in the columns of Abolitionism, for that body to use its influence in pecuniarily dissolving the Union. These incendiary papers were politely received, but upon being read two enactments were passed—one that the annual school fund be increased \$50,000, and that a copy of the Constitution of the United States be hung up at the public expense, in every school house in the State. And unless I am far mistaken other states might profit much by following that example.

Mr. President, seventy-four years have been written in the voluminous books of time, since the bright star of our national existence shone forth, in dazzling lustre, upon a people whose wandering feet were directed by this luminary of the morning into the forsaken paths of virtue and intelligence. Upon the broad platform of human equality we have erected a magnificent dome, whose towering summit reaches the clouds; and from its topmost peak the lamp of liberty shines afar, shedding off its bright coronations upon the whole world around.—We have blazoned high up in the gaze of nations the INTELLIGENCE OF THE PEOPLE, and announced in terms of proud independence our firm adhesion to civil liberty at home, and a generous and magnanimous policy towards other nations abroad. To the utmost—the earth we have sounded the "red-emptive" drum; and voluntarily offered ourselves as a leader in the march of universal independence. Mankind have been told that from us nothing but peace and justice will ever come; and that to us they are directed to address the fervent appeals of oppressed patriots and injured humanity as to the guardian angel of the rights of man. We are now considered the great edifice, the grand conservative and regenerating power destined to lift demoralized and wronged man out of the mire and infamy of his ignorance and political degradation, and to elevate him to his proper rank and dignity in the universe.

Al! sir, these are high and responsible grounds to stand upon, anticipating our best possible endeavors. May I not be allowed to ask what is our own State doing in the race of competition to warrant such great, and good, and fervent hopes? Is she stretching forth all her energies and bravely striving for an elevated position in the asterion of the young and queenly Eighteen, some of which have eclipsed by their brilliancy all but two of those that once moved in the primary constellation of the glorious "Thirteen?" Is her advancement in the great cause of human improvement sufficient to meet the "intellectual requirements of the age and country in which we live? Does her complicated system of public instruction, clogged with innumerable and provisions meet the pressing wants of her people. Have all her divisions arising from State, county, township, village, and city funds succeeded in supporting any efficient plan of common school education? Sir, as a comparative stranger among you, my